Woman's Board of Home Missions of the Presbyterian Church.

156 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

The Experience of Chilcat George

The following is the religious experience of a Chilcat Indian as related by himself when coming as a candidate for membership of the little church at Juneau, Alaska. George had been a pupil in our mission school, shepherded by both Mr. and Mrs. Willard. His experience, as given below, was related with many tears and sobs that shook his large frame:

I think about this not two weeks, not three weeks, I think about this long time. Three years ago, my wife die. My soul cry, me too much dark, me fraid, me cry. My wife say "Take God, George, He make you save." Long time I try. Lots a Injuns die, every day some die, sometimes two die one day. Just like it me. Outside the house it rain, it snow, big wind blow, my coat no warm. All'e same my soul freeze, no friend me, no fire, no blanket. I hear God's words, "Come inside, George, make you warm, make you full, make you happy." I say, "O God, me poor man, me got no money, me got no friends." God say to me, "I don't want money, I want it *you*, I your friend, come inside."

I go inside, I feel happy. No more big wind, fire warm, plenty friend. I *full*, but I make big

mistake, I full *me*, I no full of God. I got too big George, too big bad me. I warm, I full, I strong. I go outside, I fall down me, I awful bad me, I drunk, I shame, I wake up, I cry, two weeks I cry; I find no God, no friend. I feel me outside, all dark, big storm, rain, snow, ice, wind, I find me lost. I got no coat, no blanket, just old undershirt; I shake, I cry, I freeze. All day I can't work, I cry; all night I can't sleep, I cry; the people laugh; I can't care about that, I just cry all'e time: "I want God, I lost, I want it safe me." I come to church again, my heart cry all'e time. I hear God's words again, "Come inside, George." I fraid, I say: "O God, I can't come inside, I all died my soul, my heart too full' a dirty badness. I can't take it in you house. I died my soul, my heart dirty. I just got old undershirt on."

Then God tell me new words: "That's good, George, that's good: you just leave it all outside, old died soul, old dirty heart, old undershirt, throw it all away. Your Father make you all new again, your Father take you inside, your Father wash you, He give you new live soul; He give you new clean heart; He make you good coat; He give you good bread; He make you new boy."

I hear God's word, I see light, I feel new, I feel free, I know me just little new God-man; I no fraid any more. God make me first time my eyes, my tongue, my hands, my feet, my heart, my soul. I spoil it, who help me? Strong Injun friend? White man? Governor? No, no, only just God, my Father, make me once more. Now I want it, my soul, my heart, my hands, my feet, my eyes, my tongue, everything *God's*, 'cause He clean me inside, and make me new when my soul all died in me.

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